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DEADPOOL

IN SPACE... NO ONE CAN HEAR YOU SCREAM...

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PRIEST DIAZ HOLDREDGE

WELL, BABE, LIFE JUST KEPT GETTING MORE *INTERESTING.*

WHICH, I GUESS, EXPLAINS YOUR LINE OF *WORK.*

THINGS STARTED OUT *SWELL.* I WOKE UP TO FIND LOKI'S *CURSE* WAS FINALLY *DONE WITH.*

I WAS FINALLY BACK TO MY OLD *HANDSOME SELF.*

HEY, BUB.

WHERE YA *BEEN?*

FUNNY HOW I USED TO *FREAK OUT* WHENEVER I LOST MY *MASK--*

--I JUST COULDN'T HANDLE THE *SHOCK* AND *REVULSION* I'D SEE ON PEOPLE'S *FACES.*

BUT, NOW, THINGS HAVE CHANGED. THE SCARS ARE LIKE-- OLD *FRIENDS...*

--EH--?

...OLD FRIENDS WHO OWE ME *MONEY* AND NEVER *CALL* ANYMORE...

KEEP YOUR EYES *WIDE SHUT!*

SON OF A--

SKRASSH!

--BISCUIT--!!

SSMAAASSH

ON ONE, HOUSTON--

--MUTE VOX--

--HEY-- HEY--STUPID-- JUST WHAT THE HELLO ARE YOU DOING--!!?

SELLING AMWAY--WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOIN'?!?

I'M HAVIN' A LITTLE NIGHTMARE--THE KIND THAT GETS WORSE WHEN I WAKE UP!

ROGER THAT, HOUSTON. GO FLIGHT--

--MUTE VOX--

--WELL, LISTEN, "TEACH," WHAT SAY YOU HAVE YOUR L3D FLASHBACKS ON YOUR OWN TIME, HUH?

THE GROUND CREW'S SURE TO NOTICE.

SHADDUP, COOKIE BREATH.

THIS IS MY OPERATION.

...SAY...

...ISN'T THAT THOM CRUZ...?

...A.P.P. ISO VALVES ARE ALL GRAY... SECURE FROM F.A.D...

YEAH? WELL, THEN START ACTING LIKE IT.

...FIVE... FOUR... THREE...

...TWO... ONE...

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ROLL CALL

TEAM CRUZ

MARK

SALESTEIN

BARNEY

SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEAD-POOL

WARRIORS FOUR!

PRIEST & DIAZ STORYTELLERS

JON HOLDREDGE & RICH PERROTTA
INKS
WITH ASSISTS BY CZOP & ELMER
SHARPEFONT & P.T. - LETTERING
SHANNON BLANCHARD - COLORIST
FRANK DUNKERLEY - ASSISTANT ED.
BOB HARRAS - EDITOR IN CHIEF

AND, INTRODUCING THE DEADPOOL INTERNS

DEADWEIGHT

DEADAIR

...STAND BY FOR STAGING...

I.D.T. PLUS FOUR, HOUSTON--

--MUTE VOX--

--YOU'RE JUST AN *IDIOT*, DEAD-POOL!

MAYBE--

--BUT AT LEAST I DON'T LOOK LIKE MEAT LOAF'S TRANSGENDERED *BROTHER*...

...ON A BAD HAIR DAY...

GO FOR THROTTLE UP.

ROGER THAT--

--MUTE VOX--

YOU *DO* REALIZE, DEADBRAIN, YOU'RE OUTNUMBERED HERE, 3 TO 1. MAYBE RATCHET DOWN THE *VITRIOL*, HUH?

AMAZED YOU MOPES COULD *COUNT* TO THREE. COULD *SPELL* "THREE."

CHECK ME OUT, OPRAH--

--BARNEY PUT *ME* IN CHARGE OF THIS LITTLE SALVAGE G.I.G.*

AS HIS *STUDENTS*, THIS RUN IS PART OF YOUR *FINAL EXAM*. I *FLUNK* YOU--

--AND EVERYBODY GOES BACK TO THE GRILL PIT AT *WENDY'S*.

OUR JOB IS TO SNATCH BARON VON SOCK-HEAD'S "DEATH RAY" GIZMO BEFORE IT *BURNS UP* IN *RE-ENTRY*. AFTER *THAT*--**

--*YOU* GET YOUR SUPER-VILLAIN G.E.D., AND *I* GET THE 1.7 MILL BARNEY PROMISED *TITANIA*--

*BARNEY = BARNEY TOASTMASTER = THE TASKMASTER, FOUNDER OF THE CRIME COLLEGE.

**BARON VON SOCK-HEAD = BARON ZEMO, TITANIA'S FORMER LEADER IN THE MASTERS OF EVIL. --LATE-AS-LIABILITIES-FRANK

NO, NO, SKEETER, YOU'RE NOT FOLLOWING ME--

--OK, SAY YOU'VE DONE TWO OR THREE JOBS, NOW YOU'VE GOT TOO MUCH CASH, AND IT'S LIKE THIS *SIGNAL FLARE*, WAVING IN THE FEDS, RIGHT--?

YEAH, OKAY.

WELL, YOU NEED MULTIPLE SYSTEMS UP AND RUNNING TO HANDLE VARIOUS INCOME SOURCES.

SEE, ME, I'D TAKE MY *HIGH-END ROBBERY* CASH TO THE CAYMANS, BANK THE *WORLD DOMINATION ATTEMPT* PAYCHECKS IN PLATINUM BRICKS IN *OSLO*--

--AND STUFF JUST ENOUGH *CORPORATE HIT* CASH UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS TO PAY OFF THE OCCASIONAL JUDGE OR PRISON WARDEN.

AND, SINCE YOU AND *CRUSHER* FILE *JOINTLY*, THERE'S SOME ADDED DEDUCTIONS UNDER THE NEW E312 RULE.

WHERE *IS* CRUSHER, BY THE WAY--?*

THEY HAD A FIGHT.

*CRUSHER CREEL, THE ABSORBING MAN, IS TITANIA'S HUSBAND.

WE DID NOT.

THEN WHAT DO *YOU* CALL IT?

I CALL IT HAVING MY *OWN SPACE* FOR AWHILE, OKAY?

IT'S A FIGHT...

NOT *YET*, BUT IT *COULD* BE IF YOU DON'T *BOTTLE IT.*

THANKS FOR YOUR *HELP* REPAIRING MY *CABLES!*

HAMMER INDUSTRIES FINANCIALS

WALK IN THE *PARK*, FRANK.

BY THE WAY--I JUST *LOVE* WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THE PLACE, BUT, *"THE DEAD LOUNGE--"?*

HIS IDEA.

AH.

YEAH, WELL, MAYBE THANKS TO YOUR *REPAIR JOB* ON MY CONSTRICTING TENTACLES--

--WE'LL BE RETHINKING THE *NAME* VERY *SHORTLY*--!

MISTER FRANK--!! MEESTUH FRANK--!!

AGAIN, YOU SQUEEZE TOO *HARD*, BUT OF COURSE--

YOU THERE-- YOU MUST *HELP* ME--I'VE BEEN HELD HERE AGAINST MY *WILL*--!!

SORRY, PAL--

--BUT I'M ONE OF *THEM!*

GOTTA ROLL--THERE'S A SALE AT *FOOD CLUB*. THE WIFE'S GOT A FISTFUL OF COUPONS.

YOU DO THE MATH.

YOU GUYS NEED ME, GIVE A *CALL*.

FOR MORE ON WHIPLASH, CHECK OUT UPCOMING ISSUES OF IRON MAN.--FRANK

Y'KNOW HE'S GONNA KILL US, RIGHT?

...WAIT... I SEE...MOVE THE BRINKS JOB CASH *HERE*...

MARK? HE'S A PUSSY CAT.

FOR THE LOVE OF *GOTT*-- *PLEASE* LET ME GO--!!!

NOT *WHIPLASH*-- *DEADPOOL*.

I THINK WE'VE TURNED A CORNER, HERE.

NO BEND. THIS DEFINITELY FEELS LIKE A CORNER.

SOMETHING WITH A *SHARP* EDGE.

NOT A CORNER-- MAYBE A *BEND*.

HE *KNOWS* TASKMASTER'S MISSION IS A TRAP, FRANK.

I PAID HIM *500 GRAND* TO WALK INTO IT.*

THAT'S JUST IT, SKEETER-- HE'S ONE OF *THEM*--

*LAST ISSUE. --FRANK

--ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO SEE THINGS IN THEIR OWN LITTLE WARPED WAY.

PLEEZZZE-- FREE ME--!!

I NEVER UNDERSTAND GUYS LIKE THAT.

HE'S GONNA COME BACK, ALL *MAD*, LOOKING FOR REVENGE.

I THINK WE NEED TO GO TO THE *NEXT LEVEL*...

SO, BABE, WE WENT ON WITH THE STUPID MISSION, ARRIVING AT ZEMO'S ORBITAL PLATFORM IN UNDER 20 MINUTES.

AND THEN THINGS GOT WAY MORE FUN FOR *YOU*...

HOUSTON, ARIAL--YOU'RE 1,000 MILES OUT OF POSITION...

SAYS *YOU*, HOUSTON--

--YOU'VE GOT *YOUR* MISSION, WE'VE GOT *OURS*.

...COSTUME'S AWFULLY *BIG*...

THAT'S 'CUZ THEY WEREN'T *MADE* FOR US, GENIUS--

--OR DID YOU *FORGET*--

"--THE *REAL* ASTRONAUTS, ARE TIED UP IN THE *CARGO BAY*?

"BY THE WAY...WE *DID* REMEMBER TO TURN THE *AIR* ON DOWN THERE, RIGHT...?"

WELL, C'MON, JABBA-- *PARK* THIS THING SO WE CAN GET IT *ON*.

IT'S NOT THAT *SIMPLE*, DEADPOOL--OR DID YOU *SLEEP* THROUGH THE BRIEFING?

I SLEPT THROUGH THE BRIEFING.

WE HAVE TO *WALK* IT.

WALK WHAT...

...

...WAIT...

...WALK... *OUT THERE*?!?

WE'RE IN *ORBIT*, Y'KNOW. AND, DESPITE WHAT YOU SEE ON *SPACE TREK*--

--THINGS IN *ORBIT* ARE *MOVING*, SLUNG AROUND THE ATMOSPHERE AT MORE THAN *500 MILES PER HOUR!*

IT'S LIKE STEPPING OFF THE *CONCORDE* IN *MID-FLIGHT!*

THERE'S NO *GRAVITY* UP HERE, DEADBRAIN.

TO *YOU*, IT'LL FEEL LIKE WE'RE *STANDING STILL*.

TO *YOU*, *EVERYTHING* FEELS LIKE YOU'RE STANDING STILL, PIZZA HUT.

MAYBE IF I HAD *YOUR BALLAST*, I'D BE LESS *CONCERNED*.

THE DEATH RAY PLATFORM'S ORBIT HAS BEEN *DECAYING* FOR *YEARS* NOW. WE HAVE LESS THAN AN *HOUR* BEFORE IT *BURNS UP* IN THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

YOU WANNA *STAY*— *STAY*.

I'LL *RADIO* FOR THOSE *ACCESS CODES*.

HIYA.

WHEN THE KIDS *JUMPED* YOU, DID YOU SEE THEM *PLANT* ANYTHING ON BOARD?

A *BOMB*, MAYHAP?

OH. MY BAD.

YOU *DO* THAT.

...GOOD LUCK SQUEEZIN' THROUGH THAT *HATCH*...

-EEOOWWWW-!!

THANK *GOD*— THANK--

THE BOMB. THE *BOMB*, SKIPPY.

...I DIDN'T *SEE* ANY B--

--THOSE THREE MUTTS ARE GONNA *KILL* ME. NOW, I FIGURE, THE *SECOND* I GIVE UP THOSE *ACCESS CODES*--

--THEY'LL *BLOW* THE *SHUTTLE*, WHICH MEANS, BRAINIAC-- *BOMB*.

CHECK ME, FLYBOY--

BUT... HOW CAN YOU BE SURE...?

I KNEW IT THE MINUTE I LAID EYES ON 'EM...

...I *REMEMBER* IT AS IF IT WERE A *SPACE-FILLING FLASHBACK* SEQUENCE...

36 FEET, LOOKING GOOD.

DEPENDS ON WHERE YOU ARE IN *LINE*, SISTER.

WHY... WHY ARE WE *DOIN'* THIS, AGAIN--?

BEEN USING YOUR OWN *MIND-WIPE* POWER ON *YOURSELF* AGAIN, EH, PYRON?

YOU ARE UNDER ARREST!!

S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS!!

THEY'VE HAD ZEMO'S SATELLITE *FLAGGED*-- IT'S A *TRAP!!*

OH, THE HORROR.

WE ARE *UNDONE.*

QUICKLY, STUDENTS--*DEFEND YOURSELVES!!*

...DARNED SISSY NOISE ON THESE FRAPPIN' PLASMA RIFLES...

SKKEEEOOO

SKKEEEOOO

BY CONSTANTLY *SHIFTING* MY RELATIVE *MASS*, I CAN *MANEUVER* HERE IN *WEIGHTLESS SPACE*, DEADPOOL--

--AS WELL AS AFFECT THE MASS OF ANY ORGANIC MATTER WITHIN MY *RANGE*--

WWWEEZZAP

HIM... HIM...

...OKAY--

--CAUSING HIS *BATTLE GEAR* TO *MALFUNCTION*--!!

FFRRRRWWW

GREAT JOB, ECLECTA--!

PYRON-- PSI BLAST-- *NOW*--!!

--AND, HEY, PYRON-- MAKE SURE YOU HIT *HIM*, NOT *ME*--!!

WWWEEZZAPAKK

--GOT HIM!!

HE'S DISORIENTED-- I'VE COMPLETELY MIND-WIPED HIM--!! GO, MALOVICK--!!

I'M ON IT, PYRON!

BEAT IT, TUBS.

IF YOU SLOW ME DOWN--NO PORK CHOP FOR YOU.

MEH! IF YOU WERE ANY SLOWER, YOU'D BE IN REVERSE!

I'LL PULL MY OWN WEIGHT HERE, DEADPOOL--

A FLEET OF AIRCRAFT CARRIERS COULDN'T PULL YOUR WEIGHT, BURGER QUEEN--

AHAHCCKK!!

SKREEEOO

WHOOPS-- SORRY, BOSS--

--?! HEY--!!

NOT YET.

BUT, SOON.

WHAT THE--?!

GREAT. THAT'S JUST WONDERFUL. DEADPOOL--

--?!?

--YOU ARE SUCH A CHILD.

-EAH. IT'S MY CROSS TO BEAR.

THIS IS HIS.

THUDD

THUDD

WHAK WHAK WHAK WHAK

>SIGH< WILSON--IF I'VE TOLD YOU ONCE, I'VE TOLD YOU A DOZEN TIMES--

HEY-- THAT'S MISTER TWIT TO YOU, BARNEY.

YOU RUN YOUR SIMULATION YOUR WAY, I'LL RUN IT THE RIGHT WAY.

YOU DO REALIZE I CAN REPLACE YOU WITH ONE PHONE CALL.

NOT WITHOUT ANY FINGERS--

--DON'T CUT THE WIRES!!

INVISIBLE CABLE IS EXPENSIVE, YOU TWIT.

BOYS--

--I CAN'T WORK WITH THIS.

YOU ALSO CAN'T SEE YOUR *FEET* IN THE *SHOWER.*

WILSON-- THIS ISN'T WORKING. TELL YOU WHAT--

--GIVE ME THE *CODES,* *WE'LL* DO THE JOB OURSELVES, AND WE'LL CUT YOU IN FOR A PERCENTAGE.

BARNEY.

BARN. MY MAN.

LOOK-- WE ALL *KNOW* WHAT THE *DRILL* IS HERE--

--THESE THREE *BISCUITS* ARE SUPPOSED TO *RECLAIM* ZENO'S *DEATH RAY* WHATSIS AS THEIR *FINAL EXAM* FROM YOUR LOOPY *CRIME COLLEGE,* RIGHT--?

BUT WE *BOTH* KNOW THE *REAL TEST* IS TO SEE IF THEY CAN *OFF ME.*

AND, THEY *CAN'T.* BUT THEY'LL *TRY,* AND I'LL HAVE TO GET *UGLY.*

SO, BASICALLY, FOR WHATEVER REASON, YOU WANT THESE NIMROOS *ICED.*

AND, YOU FIGGER, MAYBE YOU GET LUCKY AND [redacted] *ME* IN THE PROCESS.

YOU CONTRACTED TITANIA AT 1.7 MILL TO SELL ME OUT--

--AND SENT THESE MOPES ON A SUICIDE MISSION RUN, THUS SELLING *THEM* OUT, TOO.

NOW, I SMELL A *BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY* HERE.

WHAT SAY YOU *STIFF* TITANIA THE 1.7, GIVE *ME* 30 CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, AND I'LL CONTINUE WITH THIS EPISODE.

THAT'S FIVE HUNDRED SIXTY-SIX THOUSAND, SIX HUNDRED SIXTY-SIX POINT SIX-SIX-SIX-SIX-SIX.

IN *NICKELS.*

SHAKING *ME* DOWN? WILSON, I'LL *KILL* YOU WHERE YOU *STAND.*

NOT IF I DO *NOTHING.* YOUR "PHOTOFLATULENT REFLEXES" ONLY WORK IF I *FIGHT BACK.*

$566,666.66666 IN MY SWISS ACCOUNT, OR I WALK OFF THIS STORY RIGHT *HERE.*

HURRY, BARN. THE PAGE IS TURNING...

NOW, WHERE WERE WE--?

WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO TELL YOU HOW *STUPID* YOU ARE--

I HAVE A *NAME*, Y'KNOW--I'M *ECLECTA*--!

DOUBT IT, JENNY CRAIG.

UNTIL THIS GIG IS OVER, YOU ARE THE *DEADPOOL INTERNS!*

YOU-- BAGEL GIRL-- YOUR NAME IS *DEADWEIGHT!*

CLUELESS *DIZZY* HEAD CASE GUY--YOU'RE *DEAD AIR*--

--AND YOU--

--HMMM... SAYS HERE YOU EMIT *POWERFUL* EXPLOSIVE CHARGES...

...BUT, IT DOESN'T SAY *HOW*...

WHO'S WHO AT THE CRIME COLLEGE

I HAVE *GOT* TO SEE *THAT*.

ALL RIGHT, FROM NOW ON YOU ARE *DEADEND!*

C'MON, KIDDIES--WE GOT A *SPACESHIP* TO HIJACK!!

THE CODES.

HEY... MONKEY BOY...THE CODES!

DEADPOOL... "FEARLESS LEADER"...

HUH-LOWWWW—!!

WHAT SAY--HEADS I STAY, TAILS WE *LEAVE* 'EM?

--WHUPS. THAT'S RIGHT. THE WEIGHTLESS THING.

FEELS LIKE WATCHING *REGIS.*

OKAY, WHAT THE HECK. LET'S PLAY ANOTHER ROUND. BUT, FIRST--A QUICK *CALL*...

...GRUMBLE...

...NEVER FAILS. I SIT AROUND ALL DAY *WATCHING REGIS*, AND NOTHING.

THE MINUTE I IMMERSE MYSELF IN A MEANINGFUL PROJECT, THE *PHONE RINGS.*

BLEEEP...!!

BLEEEP...!!

OUR FOUNDER

WHAT DO YOU *WANT*, WADE?

--?! HOW DO YOU KNOW IT WAS ME?

CALLER I.D. SAYS "OUTER SPACE."

I'M TAKING THIS CALL OUT OF MY *RENT*, BY THE WAY.

WHAT DO YOU WANT? I'M BUSY.

NOTHIN'. JUST CALLED TO SAY--

--I'M STILL ALIVE!!

ANY MAIL--?

JUNK MAIL. THAT CLEARING HOUSE SWEEPSTAKES. I TOSSED IT.

WADE-- IT'S A WASTE OF--

SEND IT IN.

SEND IT IN, THEN WE GO DOWN THERE AND MAKE THEM AN OFFER THEY WON'T REFUSE.

HIP

FINE. WHAT MAGAZINES YOU WANNA SUBSCRIBE TO?

NONE. JUST SEND IT IN.

WADE-- YOU GOTTA SUBSCRIBE, OR THEY WON'T EVEN OPEN IT.

THAT'S NOT TRUE. THE RULES CLEARLY STATE--

WADE--THEY *MAKE* YOU USE EITHER THE *YELLOW* ENVELOPE OR THE *WHITE* ONE.

WHITE ENVELOPE GOES RIGHT IN THE TRASH.

THAT, WADE?

FRANK-- THEY JUST WANT YOU TO BELIEVE THAT SO YOU'LL SUBSCRIBE.

ALRIGHT, LOOK--I'LL JUST PICK A MAGAZINE OUT FOR YOU. LIKE "CAT FANCY."

FRANK-- JUST SEND IN THE WHITE ENVELOPE.

WHITE ENVELOPE GOES IN THE TRASH!!!

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU FELL FOR THAT.

YOU ARE *SUCH* AN IDIOT, WADE!!!

SO THEY TELL ME.

SSKREETCH

GIMME THE PHONE-- WADE-- IT'S SKEETER.

GREAT *GIG* YOU GOT ME ON HERE, TITANIA.

WHERE THE BLEEP'S MY MONEY?!?

WE HAD A DEAL--

YOU SET ME UP, TITANIA--

YOU WERE IN ON IT!! JEEZ--

--RIGHT IN THE TRASH! NOBODY SENDS IN THE WHITE ENVELOPE!

YOU'RE DOUBLE-CROSSING ME--?!?

HAVE I EVER SEEN YOU NAKED?

--?!? NO...

WELL THEN, IT'S OUT OF MY HANDS. SKEETER, LOOK--

IT'S A TOTAL WASTE OF TIME! A TOTAL WASTE!!

--WE'RE VILLAINS.

VILL- INS.

IT'S WHAT WE DO.

WADE-- IF YOU CHEAT ME OUT OF MY MONEY--

SORRY, HON. GOTTA DANCE.

WHITE ENVELOPE IS TRASH!! WHITE ENVELOPE IS--

KLIK!

--

CLEARLY, HE MUST DIE.

ABSOLUTELY.

BACK IN, LIKE, TEN MINUTES.

NOW, YOU KIDS DON'T DO ANYTHING *STUPID* LIKE *LEAVE* WHILE WE'RE OVER THERE.

AND, TO MAKE *SURE*--

--I'M TAKING *THIS*.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT IT *LOOKS IMPORTANT*.

ACCESS GRANTED

--?!

LOOO-SEEF! 'CHOO GOT SUM 'SPLAINING TO DO...

THIS JOINT LOOKS LIKE MY SOCK DRAWER...

WHATEVER. LET'S *HIT* IT AND *QUIT* IT.

THIS TUB WILL HIT THE IONOSPHERE IN LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR.

PYRON AND MALOVICK ARE TRYING TO EJECT THE DEATH RAY ASSEMBLY--WE SHOULD GET STARTED DOWNLOADING THE SOFTWARE--

--I'M SORRY--AM I *DISTRACTING* YOU?

NOPE... LET'S SEE... A LITTLE TO THE *RIGHT*... AND...

...THERE A *PHONE* ON THIS TUB--?

...GOTTA BE SOMEBODY IN HERE WE CAN CALL...

MAYBE WE'LL GET *LUCKY* AND TASKMASTER'S PLAN WILL *WORK*--

CUTTING EDGE GUIDE TO SUPERVILLAINY

ZZZAAAAM!

BLEEEEP--! BLEEEEP--!

...HEH... HEH...

...JUST *FUNNIN* YA, KIDS...

ARE YOU *QUITE* THROUGH--?

ALMOST. ANYBODY GOT PAT BUCHANAN'S ADDRESS--?

IN A MATTER OF *MINUTES*, THIS THING BECOMES A *DEEP FRYER*, DEADPOOL. LET'S WRAP THIS UP--

KEEE-RAKKKK

GOOD IDEA.

--IT'S *GO TIME!!*

OKAY-- THAT'S *IT*--

TASKMASTER SET YOU PINHEADS *UP*, DEADWEIGHT--

THRRRUMMM

--HE KNOWS THE *UNIVERSE* WOULD *COLLAPSE ON ITSELF* BEFORE I'D EVER LET MYSELF GET WHACKED BY JERRY SPRINGER REJECTS LIKE *YOU!*

HE'S HOPING WE'LL KILL *EACH OTHER!* BUT I GOT A *PROPOSITION*--

--WHAT SAY WE *TEAM UP* AND TAKE BARNEY *DOWN*. CUT ME IN FOR, SAY, $387,924.12 AND A BOOK OF STAMPS!

OR, MAYBE JUST *KILL YOU* INSTEAD--!!

THRRRUMMM

IT'S CERTAINLY A *SUGGESTION.*

YOU'D HAVE A BETTER SHOT WITH THE *STAMPS,* FORK LIFT.

--?! IS S.H.I.E.L.D. HERE--?!?

IT'S *HIM,* YOU IDIOT-- *DEADPOOL'S MAKING HIS MOVE--!!*

FREEDOM

FREEDOM

NO I'M NOT.

CHUNKY AND I ARE *DATING.* THIS IS HOW WE *DO* IT.

LOOK-- I DON'T WANNA *KILL* YOU. IF I *KILL* YOU--*HE WINS!*

LOOK-- I'LL MAKE YA A *DEAL--*

VAAAM!!!

VAAAM!!!

VAAAM!!!

GIVE IT *UP,* DEADPOOL-- YOU'RE JUST ABOUT OUT OF--

--THIRTY THOUSAND!

ALL RIGHT, *EIGHTEEN FIVE!*

SIXTY-TWO HUNDRED AND A *HAM SANDWICH--!!*

WWARROOM

--AH-- --I HOPE THIS IS PART OF *YOUR* PLAN--

THE SHUTTLE-- IT'S LEAVING--!!

GEEZ...

...MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE LEFT 'EM IN THE HOLD...

YOU *RELEASED* THE SHUTTLE CREW?

WELL, THAT'S JUST GREAT.

WHAT A MESS...YOU *MONKEY*...

SEE-- THIS IS *JUST* WHAT I WAS SAYING...

WE *BURN UP* IN TEN MINUTES, AND *YOU* COST US OUR *RIDE!*

GEEZ, GUYS, I'M SORRY...I'M JUST A MORON...

...WHO IS *STILL* EIGHT STEPS AHEAD OF *YOU LOSERS!!*

I DIDN'T WANNA KILL YOU, I *DIDN'T.*

YOU SHOULDA WENT FOR THE *STAMPS.*

AND, SO, BABE-- THAT'S ABOUT THE *WHOLE STORY.*

I WAS *UP* A MIL THREE, AND HAD MANAGED TO B-SLAP TASKY AND MY IDIOT ROOMIES.

BUT, SINCE ZEMO'S TINKER-TOY WAS ABOUT TO *BURN UP* ON RE-ENTRY, I FIGURED--

--IT WAS TIME TO ROCK AND *ROLL.*

ESCAPE POD

ESCAPE

I HOPED LIKE *HECK* THE *ESCAPE PODS* ON THAT OLD BUCKET STILL WORKED...

...AND THAT I COULD SQUEEZE MY *BUTT* INTO IT...

MY LUCK, THE POD WOULD LAND ME AT ONE OF ZEMO'S OLD *HIDE-OUTS,* AND A *NEW* GAME WOULD BE AFOOT--

--BUT, BEFORE I TOUCHED NARY A BUTTON--

IT'S *NOT...*

--AT LEAST, NOT FOR *YOU!*

HIT IT, PYRON--!!

...UH-OH...

...THIS CAN'T BE GOOD...

HIT-- *DEADPOOL--* RIGHT--?

JUST AIM FOR THE *POD!*

TASKMASTER *FIGURED* YOU'D PULL SOMETHING LIKE THIS, DEAD*MEAT*--

YOUR POD HAS BEEN *DEACTIVATED*. AND, THANKS TO PYRON, SO HAS YOUR *BRAIN!*

ENJOY YOUR LAST MOMENTS ALIVE, JERK! AND-- OH YEAH--

--IT LOOKS LIKE *ME* *PASSED!*

THE SPACE PLATFORM WAS BREAKING UP.

THE POD DIDN'T WORK.

I WAS *FAT.*

MY *MIND* HAD BEEN *WIPED...*

...AND I *REALLY* WANTED A COOKIE...

GUESS THEY CALL THAT A *CLIFFHANGER...*

NEXT: THE DIRTY WOLF COMETH!!

THE WHITE ENVELOPE IS IN THE TRASH...
THE WHITE ENVELOPE IS IN THE TRASH...

DEADPOOL

FRANK DUNKERLEY
ASSISTANT EDITOR

BOB HARRAS
CHIEF

To Marvel,

Oh man, to think I was worried about Mr. Priest writing DEADPOOL. I'm sure you guys get that a lot. Issue #37 is an absolute masterpiece. I have to start saying "By Oprah's chins!" Oh, and as for the artwork, fantastically marvelous (and I mean that in the best way) job on the "Thor-esque" D.P. costume. You know, the issue left me wondering - is Loki actually Deadpool's father? It certainly makes sense. Who but the God of Mischief himself could sire a guy like Wade? Please, please, PLEASE do more with that.

A few suggestions (not to tell you guys how to do your job, I'm not even worthy to write you) for crossovers, being that the crossover is one of the many best parts of the book: Death and Deadpool make a great couple, but... how would Death's loving "hubby" feel about it? Thanos is certainly the kind of guy to go ballistic when his girl finds another main squeeze.

More fun with the Taskmaster and the Constrictor. Those guys don't get enough publicity.

Another Deadpool / Bullseye team-up! They just have too much in common to be enemies. Remember Greece?

A Daredevil crossover. Natch.

Dr. Doom. Need I say more?

On a sentimental note, after reading the response to Narinder Singh Basra's letter in issue #37... G.I. Joe! Where have they gone? Deadpool's the perfect book for the Joes to resurface in... remember issue #34 with Iron Fist, Moon Knight, Ka-Zar, and the rest of the forgotten heroes? I know it won't happen, but it was worth a shot, wasn't it? I mean, if Ka-Zar deserves a guest appearance ...Well, think about it... and while you do, thou canst maketh mine Marveleth.

CrimsonDynamo@aol.com

Where have they gone? Hey, maybe they're trapped in a bunker under the water in some jungle. Yeah, that's it! And Snake-Eyes not only has to contend with oxygen deprivation, but he also has to constantly watch his back on account of that evil Dr. Venom guy being such a slippery snake.

And hey, did you check out that Kwinn guy, you know, Snake-Eyes' Eskimo friend? Hello, *Pipeline Ploy* ring any bells — OK, OK, how about *Three Strikes for Snake-Eyes*?

Deadlines,

I just want you folks to know that DEADPOOL #37 has changed my life. Now, whenever things get too nuts around me, I just keep telling myself, "None of this is really happening. There is a man... with a typewriter..."

Thanks for all the laughs (the corresponding side pains I could do without, however...).

Tom Waltz
San Diego, CA

Thanks for the praise, Tom. Although it is interesting to note that at the time you wrote your letter, YOU were the man at the typewriter.

Dear Pool Masters,

I just want to say that DEADPOOL rules. I also want to say I am a little worried by the direction we seem to be headed. What I mean is, the stories are headed in a great direction but something is tragically missing. The man with a mouth seems to have lost his mouth. Banter is the key to DEADPOOL. No matter how bad things get the mouth keeps running. The stupid quips and nonsensical harassment is essential to tick off not just the bad guys, but everyone! The worse it gets the more critical the word play becomes! Please bring back the dialogue to go with the great stories and art.

Till the Poolman settles for squirt guns!

Lord Doom

Funny thing about that banter, what if it were to suddenly cease to exist? Hint, hint!

By the way, your letter was seen by a Mister Victor Von Doom. Uh, we suggest you run! Or give Ben Grimm a call.

Deadfolk—

I'm writing because I'm bothered. I'm trying — I really am — to like Deadpool in his current state. I had high expectations when the book shifted hands, but more and more I find myself sighing at the path this book takes. The jokes are still funny, but it seems to me you're trying too hard. You understand Wade as he exists, but instead of letting him develop into the Wade you want him to be (both in his past and his future), you're pushing him.

The best example of this would be the current treatment of Wade's quest to be a hero. The entire point of the original quest was that Wade's whole life was bad, and only recently has he realized it and tried to improve. But in your recent flashback stories you let the seed of heroism sprout too early. Here, Wade's conscience motivates him to do good things, even though he can't explain why he does them. I suspect you're moving to make Wade more of a hero, which would explain why you're retconning heroics into him. But Wade's quest to be a hero has always been rooted in the sleaze that he used to be, not the sleaze that he used to be despite a deep-seated longing to be a hero.

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe you're not trying to change who Wade Wilson was to make him fit who you want him to be. If you are, you're only mangling him. If you're not, my apologies. All I know is the book seems forced and unenjoyable to me, and despite my love for it, I don't feel like reading it right now. Hope it all comes together for us.

Brendan McGinley
New London, CT

We don't know if it is so much that Deadpool is struggling to be a hero so much as it is that Deadpool is struggling with the fact of who he is along with the baggage of what he has done. Deadpool, in his wildest dreams (no, not the ones with Alyssa Milano), wishes that he were a hero. Unfortunately, Deadpool is not a hero, at least not the likes of a Captain America or Iron Man. As a result, Deadpool struggles with what he has made of himself along with his recent failed attempts at herohood.

Plus, and don't say we said this, but he's also a little nuts. Just a little.

NEXT ISSUE:

DEADPOOL IS STILL IN SPACE WHEN HE MEETS A GROUP OF ALIEN PIRATES WHO WILL BRING HIM HOME IF ONLY HE WOULD FREE THEIR LEADER FROM IMPRISONMENT ON AN ASTEROID PENITENTIARY. (SHEESH, FIRST SPACE BABIES, NOW PIRATES.)

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